01-56

Northern Messenger

W. Bromscombe 1908

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'We have for quite a number of years taken the 'Messenger,' and we are well pleased with it.'—P. H. Hudson, Plympton, Man.

An Indian Bamboo Suspension Bridge.

Sikhim is one of the self-governing States of India, situated on the borders of Thibet, and acknowledging the British Protectorate in 1890. Like the many wholly independent States immediately to the north of British territory, has strange and wonderful places, so different from what people of ordinary civilized lands are accustomed to that it is an almost impossible task to bring home to the ordinary reader how primitive are their inhabitants, and how unorthodox their surroundings. The bamboo bridge shown in our picture is an illustration of this. The river here is a foaming torrent, with a discharge equal to that of the Thames at Westminster compressed into a narrow channel scarce fifty yards wide. The Teesta rises in the passes of the mountains to the north, drops 15,000 feet in about forty miles, and then emerges upon the plains, a broad and stately river. The bridge by which this cataract is crossed is composed of bamboos lashed together. Two strands are suspended from side to side of the gorge, and between them hang loops of bamboo bark. Loosely thrown into the loops are long, thin bamboos. Sometimes there is only a single bamboo, and then the traveller must step for his life, for the thing turns and twists under his feet. One traveller through the borderland States had a servant from the plains who delayed them two hours owing to his lack of pluck. Nothing would induce him to venture on the bridge, and it was only when a beating became imminent that he forced himself to cross. The southern slopes of the Himalayas provide entertainment and excitement for the traveller in a degree that, perhaps, no other

mountain-range in the world can equal. Rising sheer out of the plains of India, the great masses that confront one are deep green in the foot-hills and rich purple in the middle levels, while the upper regions are eternally clad in ice and snow. At 14,000 feet above the sea the pines and firs that darken the scene end abruptly, and are succeeded by another 14,000 feet of glacier and snow-field. At 28,150 feet shines the top of Kunchinjunga, the third highest mountain in the world, and king of the 'Snowy Range.'—'Christian Herald,' London.

Religious News.

A missionary of the American Board, writes from Fuchau as follows: 'Our kindergarten has numbered nearly 100 this year; and in addition to this work, the efficient native teachers, Mary, Margaret and Lucy Hu, and Agnes Loi, have done much outside work. The accomplished Agnes teaches music in several day schools and in the preparatory school and girls' college at Ponasang. Two of the Hu sisters have conducted a Sunday School in a crowded part of the city, where the people have been notoriously indifferent to Christian influences. Enterprising Mary Hu, ever looking for new worlds to conquer, has recently been invited by some of the leading officials of the city to open a kindergarten for their children. This speaks volumes for the change going on in China. When the Sabbath question came up, Mary said, 'If I cannot have the Sabbath free, I shall not accept the position.' The officials were obliged to yield the point to her; but to 'save their faces,' they warned her to mention God's name as seldom as possible.

Within the Christian Churches the problem of entire freedom from missionary control will not subside until freedom has been duly attained. While the problem is acute among Presbyterians and Episcopalians, it does not exist among the Kumi-ai (Congregational) churches, who are all self-governing by the very nature of their polity and organization. The relations between these churches and the missionaries of the American Board were never more cordial, and nothing seems likely from the present outlook to change that relation.

The most hopeful sign of the times from a Christian standpoint is the growing energy and success of these 50 self-supporting and 40 aided Kumi-ai churches in aggressive evangelistic work, for which they have already raised nearly 2,000 yen for the coming year.

The Kumi-ai churches and the missionaries of the American Board in Japan enter on the new year with earnest prayers and high hopes.—Rev. Sidney L. Gulick.

'Northern Messenger' Postal Crusade.

Letters have come from South Africa, China and India, testifying to the good done by the circulation of the 'Northern Messenger,' and asking for a continuance of the papers.

Much against my inclination for want of sufficient funds to cover expenses, several 'Messengers' have had to be stopped.

I suppose there never was a time when these papers were required more than now. The English language is spreading so rapidly among natives of China, India, and South Africa. Then, too, Gospel temperance is so important there. For every Christian converted through the agency of our missionaries it is estimated that 1,000 are lost through the liquor traffic. In view of all this surely there will be a ready response in money for subscriptions to the 'Messenger.'

Many of its readers will be glad to know that a native boy in India whose support was secured through this crusade in the 'Messenger,' has been given the first prize for oratory in a theological seminary in India. A mother in Canada, a few years ago, who had lost her little son by death, sent $1.50 that had been left in his purse for the Crusade.

A missionary in India at that time was praying for the support of an orphan for whom there was no support, because he had failed in his examinations. The mother's gift became the nest egg of a fund for the lad in India. Finally a noble-hearted woman undertook to clothe and educate him, and now comes the glad news that the boy who failed in his preliminary examinations stands at the head of a graduating class in theology, and has secured honors and the prize for oratory. He is described as a particularly exemplary boy, but extremely reticent. He is the last representative of a noble old family famed for its oratory. This is but one of many happy incidents connected with this work. Will you not rally to its support and send help.

Yours faithfully,
(Mrs.) M. E. EDWARDS COLE.

Address all contributions to the postal crusade to Mrs. M. E. Edwards Cole, 169 Nicholas street, Ottawa, Ontario.

Work in Labrador.

A SUMMER VOLUNTEER.

(Continued.)

One of the foremost workers on the Labrador Coast last summer was Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsfield, Mass., whose letter to the quarterly organ of the Canadian Grenfell Association was begun last week. She continues:—

One morning early, a day or two after my arrival, a knock came at my door just as light was breaking at 2.30. A telegram was handed me, a startling event, for I hadn't realized that there was a telegraph line from Quebec as far as the Straits (completed later in the summer by wireless down as far as Indian Harbor). It read: 'Crib-boy ill with meningitis, come to-night if possible.' Signed, Nurse MacMahon. How was I to get down the Straits? I conferred with Mr. Grant. He said he would send me right off in the 'Dart,' the steam launch, for not yet being in commission for the fish he could spare her. The boy was desperately ill with meningitis, tubercular as it soon proved. Miss MacMahon had had no trouble in getting ice for ice caps, there was ice at the edge of the brooks. There were a number of houses to be visited on this trip. The next day a man brought word that I was needed at Greenley Island, the ensign was the usual signal for the doctor, but the fog had shut out all vision that day. The 'Dart' was again commissioned. Skipper Sam guided our little launch past icebergs, schooners, and shoals into port, where a group of men on the landing stood wonderingly looking; in the little house of skipper Joe I held a clinic and found on my list, a broken rib, scurvy, indigestion, grippe, etc. The grippe claimed a number of victims on the Labrador, and even among the men in our Room, I had four or five patients a day in their bunks. The mumps became epidemic, scarlet fever and whooping cough had swept down the coast in the winter and left their traces behind them and when a man came with 'a bivering' at the heart, beri-beri was to be suspected.

I usually went here and there in a trap-skiff, manned with six oarsmen, answering the call of the ensign, being dropped on some island several miles off and going thence to some other appointed place where the men after hauling their traps would pick me up, waiting many a night on the rocks until the long twilight lasting till 9.30 or 10 o'clock had disappeared, returning either under a sky aflame with stars and once with the northern lights flashing, but more often in a fog so dense and black that I wondered how the men with their constant 'Halloa' to keep off colliders, could themselves avoid knocking up against an ice-berg or shoal, but they never did. If we returned by daylight we were sometimes towed home by the 'Dart.'

At Blanc Sablon there were a few spare bunks in the lofts of the cook-houses, and there I put my patients whom I found needed more care than could be given them on the islands or schooners. One patient, the old man, as we called him, although he said he was but 48, I took from a schooner upon which he and his boy Tommie had come up from Newfoundland. Each man was fishing for himself; with the father disabled, the sustenance of the family devolved upon light-hearted little Tommie. The day came when the old man's gangrenous finger needed amputation, whom was I to press into service! That was the day when Mrs. MacDonald opportunely came across the Straits and Mr. Cushing appeared in the 'Northern Messenger.' The old man was terrified at the thought of ether, but was willing to do anything that seemed best. In the midst of our work we heard sobbing and there was Tommie, whom I supposed on the schooner, sitting on a rock crying his heart out. I stopped long enough to get him into good Mrs. Grant's hands, who mothered him back to comfort, and when the next day he came ashore and saw his father apparently well, he was all sunshine with his laugh and dimples, but the shadow lay heavy again when the time came for the schooner to go north, for Tommie the bread-winner must go with it, leaving his father with us.

I found that the people among whom I worked were a really religious people belonging mostly to the Church of England or Methodist. The law of Newfoundland forbids fishing on Sunday. By our recent treaty the Gloucester fishermen can fish within the three mile limit, but not even my patriotism could lessen my indignation when one Sunday a Gloucester schooner came in at L'Anse au Claire, a few miles below us, and cast their nets for capelin among the natives' traps. The coast people were aroused, not only because of the violation of the law, but of the violation to their religious feelings and it was not 'cant' when one man who was dissuaded from firing upon them said, 'Christ died for me, why shouldn't I die for Him in protecting His Day.' I was glad to find that those 'Gloucester' fishermen were largely every other nationality but American.

'Parsons' as all clergymen are called dropped in upon us occasionally. There are several sent out by the Church of England and by the Methodist Church. When no parson was at hand on Sunday, some one would read the Church of England service and portions from Phillips Brooks' sermons (which I had with me). The shoremen from the scattered Rooms and fishermen from the schooners would assemble in the loft of the store house which had been partitioned off by the flags of schooners wrecked on the reefs. Seats were improvised from planks and kegs, and a little harmonium drawn up. My mind would wander to the fate of the 'Lottie M. Merrill' and 'The Mariposa,' but not so the men's, and a clergyman must have been gratified by the intentness of their attitude. Our 'organist' was the proprietor of the sole remaining 'Isle of Jersey' Room and music hall. What music he drew out of that little harmonium! and nowhere could his fine tenor voice be appreciated more than by the people of that coast. With him as leader those assembled would sing Alexander's hymns and after service he would sit until the long twilight settled into darkness singing, the others listening in absolute silence.

The last of June arrived and the fish hadn't begun to come. Great anxiety was felt, never had a season been so late, the year before by July 1 the fishing was three-quarters over and now there were only a few cod to be seen. 'La Misére' was predicted for the coast. The schooners which usually got their first load at Blanc Sablon had grown discouraged, and fearing to lose their berth 'down' the Labrador, a large number sailed away. The people said but little, they were not quick of speech, but everywhere the tension could be felt, 'what luck?' when the boats came in from jigging and from a visit to the nets, always a shake of the head 'no fish.'

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Thos. Potts, Woodstock, Hokitika, Westland, N.Z., 60 cts.; M. R. Leard, Alberton, P.E.I., $1.75; Hamilton Road Union S. S., $4.60; A Friend, Carlisle, 50 cts.; Total.....$ 7.45

Received for the cots:—A Friend, Sarnia, Ont., $5.00; Miss Ariadne Batchelor, O'Connell, Ont., 25 cts.; A Friend, Carlisle, 50 cts.; Miss Lizzie Norris, Althorpe, Ont., $1.00; Mrs. George Calvey, Debuc, Sask., $1.00; Total.....$ 7.75

Received for the komatic:—Miss Gould Smith, Morrisburg, Ont., $2.00; Mrs. George Calvey, Debuc, Sask., $1.00; Total..$ 3.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.....$ 1,594.77

Total received up to April 14.....$ 1,612.97

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 10, 1908.

The Mission of the Holy Spirit

John xvi., 4-15. Memory verse 13. Read John xv., 26; xvi., 24.

Golden Text.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever. John xiv., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 4.—John xv., 26; xvi., 11.
Tuesday, May 5.—John xvi., 12-24.
Wednesday, May 6.—John xvi., 25; xvii., 8.
Thursday, May 7.—John xvii., 9-26.
Friday, May 8.—Rom. viii., 1-22.
Saturday, May 9.—Rom. viii., 23-39.
Sunday, May 10.—Gal. v., 16-26.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Last Sunday we were talking about the beautiful Heavenly Home which Jesus has gone to prepare for us. We spoke of it's being something like our going to a new earthly home, and how if mother had to leave you to go and get a new home ready here on earth she would not leave you alone. We learned last Sunday how Jesus told his disciples that he too would not leave them alone. He said 'I will not leave you comfortless,' 'I will pray the Father and he shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.' Just as mother would say, perhaps, 'I am sorry, dears, that I have to leave you for a while, but aunt Amy is coming over to take care of you while I am away, so that you won't be lonely.' Now to-day we are to study about the One whom Jesus has sent to Earth to be with his people until Jesus comes again. What a beautiful name Jesus calls Him, 'The Comforter.' This is the unseen spirit of God who comes into every heart where Jesus is loved and trusted. We can feel His gentle loving influence, although we cannot see Him. Just think how many times when you were going to say something angry or unkind and something in your heart said 'Don't, for Jesus would not do that.' Then afterwards you would be glad you had not said the angry words and you begin to feel comforted in your heart. That is the power of God's Holy Spirit in your heart, for Christ says He is our Comforter, and shall speak to us about Christ.

There could be no more difficult lesson to bring home to the minds of children, yet some such introduction may serve. No child in the Sunday School is too young to be conscious of unseen influences at work in his heart. The doctrine of the Trinity is one of the deepest of the Christian faith, yet earthly wisdom and knowledge are not necessary to a comprehension of heavenly things (Luke x., 21), and the earnest teacher may be used of God to reveal this mighty truth even 'to babes.'

FOR THE SENIORS.

In this wonderful address in the Upper Room preserved for us by John, Christ makes the first extended reference to the Third Person in the Trinity, and it is remarkable that he considers the disciples still unregenerate men (Luke xxii., 32). Earnest loving souls though they were, the personal, physical presence of Christ seemed to block their vision of him in his true spiritual significance. Truly if they ever were to understand the higher life it was expedient (verse 7) for the physical Christ to leave them. It is evident that there can be an intellectual perception of Christ, even a mental assent to the truth of his life and words, but unless man allows the spirit of God to enter his heart and life, this is not saving faith. If the apostles had stopped at the faith that was their's during the life of Christ, neither they nor the world, humanly speaking, could have been saved. The enduement with real power from on high (Acts i., 4, 8) made all the difference in the lives and power of these men, so that Peter, the craven denier became the staunch and fearless apostle. The mission of the spirit as spoken of by Christ is in one phrase, to keep Christ before his people. He would take up the work where Christ laid it down (verses 12, 13), would bring to mind the words of Christ whose meaning had been lost on the disciples at the time (John xiv., 26), and will even throw light on the hidden word of prophecy, or Himself give us some inner foreknowledge of God's plans (verse 13).

(SELECTIONS FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

'A single white ray of light falling on a certain object appears red; on another, blue; on another, yellow. So the different parts of one ray by turns become visible; each is a complete ray, yet the original white ray is but one. So we believe that in that Unity of Essence there are three living Powers which we call Persons, distinct from each other.'—F. W. Robertson.

'Christ loves us far better than we can love ourselves, and knows how to show that love. If it had been expedient for him to have stayed on earth among mankind unto this very day, he would have stayed.'—Charles Kingsley. 'Christ when upon the earth in physical form had only a local presence. If he were in one place he could not be in another at the same time. But now he is gone, and the Spirit has come, filling the hearts of his people, interpreting his word, carrying forward forever the triumphs of his kingdom.'—R. S. MacArthur, D.D., LL.D. 'While Christ our Lord tarried here in the flesh, his apostles who saw and conversed with him, who walked by his side, who rested at his feet, who lay in his breast, were further, immeasurably further from him than we may be, if we will. To them he was still an external example, an external voice, an external force. Christ in us is the hope of glory (Col. i., 27).'—Liddon.

'The position of the apostles is that which, in a certain sense, every true Christian must fill, as long as the world stands. We must all be witnesses for Christ. Wherever we live, in town or in country, in public or in private, abroad or at home, we must boldly confess our Master on every opportunity.'—Ryle. And in this witness-bearing we have the all-powerful help of the Holy Spirit.

Verse 3. Reprove (R.V., 'convict') the world of (R.V., 'in respect of') sin. 'By the world must be understood the yet unbelieving part of mankind, so denominated because it was far the larger part, when these words were spoken, as it still is.'—'American Commentary.' The verb has a double sense, 'of a convincing unto salvation, and a convicting unto condemnation.'—Alford. The sin of the world is because they believe not on Christ (v. 9). It is a notable proof of Christ's divinity that he, the meek and lowly, should select this unbelief in himself as 'the only sin worth mentioning. Yet, indeed, it is the root of all other sins whatsoever. It is the reigning as well as the damning sin of the world.'—George Whitefield. 'The essence of sin is living to self. Belief in Christ is the surrender of self.'—Alexander Maclaren, D.D. As belief of Christ is the beginning of all good for man, disbelief of him is the beginning of all evil.

Verse 11. 'However ludicrous vulgar superstitions may have made the notion, there is nothing ridiculous, nor anything which we have the right to call incredible, in Christ's solemn declaration that the kingdom of darkness has a King.'—Alexander Maclaren, D.D. 'The world might think that "the power of darkness" conquered at Gethsemane and Calvary, but the resurrection and ascension proved that what looked like victory was the most signal defeat: instead of conquering he was judged. This result is so certain that it is spoken of as already accomplished.'—Cambridge Bible.

The judgment that the Holy Spirit gives is not only a condemnation and casting out of Satan, but it is an enlightenment of the righteous, so that they can form a just judgment regarding the works of the devil. We see that 'to adhere to worldly motives and ways and ambitions is to cling to a sinking ship, to throw ourselves away on a justly doomed cause.'—'Expositor's Bible.' If the prince of the world is an outcast, how much more his followers!

Verse 13. Why is he described as guiding us into truth, rather than telling us the truth? Because we are not to be 'mere passive instruments, but living agents.'—'Pulpit Commentary.' Truth can never we poured into a man; he must travel forth to seek it, through difficult places where he needs a guide.

Verse 14. How does the Holy Spirit bear witness to Christ? In the days of the apostles, he bore witness through the gift of tongues and the miracles he enabled them to work. But he was also 'the fellow-witness of the apostles, mainly and permanently, by enlightening men in the significance of facts reported by them, and by opening the heart and conscience to their influence.'—'Expositor's Bible.' It it thus he bears witness still.

Bible References.

John xiv., 23; John iii., 34; Gal. v., 22-25; I. Thess. v., 19; Eph. iv., 30.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 10.—Topic—Being a Christian. I. In our work and our play. John v., 17; Eccl. ix., 10; Prov. xvii., 22.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 4.—Take heed how ye build. I. Cor. iii., 10-13.

Tuesday, May 5.—Building to abide. I. Cor. iii., 14, 15.

Wednesday, May 6.—A good foundation. I. Tim. vi., 19.

Thursday, May 7.—A sure foundation. II. Tim. ii., 19.

Friday, May 9.—An everlasting foundation, Prov. x., 25.

Saturday, May 9.—Christ the corner-stone. Eph. ii., 20.

Sunday, May 10.—Topic—Two kinds of houses: which are you building? Matt vii., 24-29.

John XIII., 34.

Christ has given us here the phrase that makes His word the new commandment, 'Love one another as I have loved you.' To what point are we to love our neighbor? Up to the point of sacrifice. That is what Jesus did. 'Love one another as I have loved you.' Seek always, consistently, the welfare of your brother's life, and seek it till it hurts. 'As I have loved you,' said Jesus when the shadow of Gethsemane was falling on His brow, and when there was graven before Him in feature of flame the dread figure of the cross. Because we have divested the word love of those associations of sentiment and of affection which cluster around the word in our ordinary usage of it, will you not bear witness with me that we have deepened and strengthened its claim upon the human heart, when we interpret it to mean, 'Thou shalt consistently seek the welfare of thy brother's life up to the point of sacrifice?'—Rockwell H. Potter.

They Know the Difference.

A Sunday School teacher said the other day that whenever she was busy she never prepared the regular lesson. 'I just tell them Bible stories, and they never know the difference,' she explained. 'All this talk about having to do a lot of studying when you have a class of small children is pure nonsense.'

But children do know the difference, and indifferent teachers are responsible for much of the dislike boys and girls manifest toward the Supday School as they grow older. Children are the keenest critics in the world, and they cannot be kept interested and eager to learn by a teacher who rambles all around the subject instead of teaching to the point. Stick to the text.—'S. S. Times.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Correspondence

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have not written a letter to the 'Messenger' for a number of years, but during this time I have read the papers with much pleasure. I first received it as a birthday present when I was a little girl, and would miss it very much had I to give it up. I am pleased to see so many young writers; my brothers and sister are going to write soon. We are thinking of making post-card books for some hospital, after having read the story 'A Postal-Card Party' (February 14th). We have enjoyed them, and wish to pass the pleasure on, to where it is most needed. Do you think they will be acceptable at Dr. Grenfell's Hospital, Labrador? Hoping you will publish this letter, and also give me a few words of advice about the books. I am, and always will be the 'Messenger's' interested reader and well-wisher.

KATIE C. MILLS.

[Glad to hear from you again, Katie. Yes, that is a good idea about the post-card albums, and they will be very welcome in Dr. Grenfell's hospital work. Get them ready and send them, after May 1, to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Avenue, Montreal. She will see that they reach the right destination.—Ed.]

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm about three miles from town. My home is close to a school. There was lots of snow here; some of the snowdrifts were six feet deep. We have lots of fun at school playing in the snow. I like the 'Northern Messenger' very much. HARRY BURGIN (age 6).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy of ten years of age. I live in the country and have lots of fun skating and sleigh-riding. I am in the third reader and I expect to have my examination at Easter. We have two dogs and a cat. But one of the dogs belongs to my uncle. JOHN STEPHENSON (age 10).

M., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a Dutch girl 11 years old. I come here least May whit mine parents from Holland from Amsterdam to Montreal. I am going to school and to Sunday School to. I am learned there the Englis language and read the 'Messenger' every weak. I get this paper from Sunday School, and I like it very much. I have no brothers and no sisters, but I have a very nice doll and a cat that I play with.

C. J. KLOMP.

[The little 'Dutch girl's' letter is published just as she sent it, so that our other correspondents can see how well she has done in less than a year. How many little English girls could do as well with German?.—Ed.]

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live near the Georgian Bay. It is a very pretty place for campers in the summer time. My father buys grain at the elevator here. Our grandma lives with us in the winter time. Mother, father, grandma and all of us intend going to Cleveland in Ohio in the United States next summer. I will write when I come home and tell you about our trip.

M. McA.

V., Sask.

Dar Editor,—I am eleven years of age, but do not go to school, as it is too far off for walking. My papa cannot spare me a pony to ride, although I can ride horseback and like it very much. I often go to our nearest village on our old horse Sammy for anything that my mother requires.

CISSIE FISHER.

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country, and my two brothers, my sister and I drive to school every day. Six of us girls chum together all the time and we have lots of fun skating, etc. I guess they are going to write to you also. I am in the entrance class and am twelve years old. I will close this letter with a riddle: Ten men's length, ten men's strength, ten men can't break it, yet a little boy can pick it up and carry it. PEARL M.

W. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It has been raining all day and I thought I would write a letter. My sister has a little dog named Topsy. She is a great player. We had two pretty little lambs this morning. I have a little flowerbed of my own, where I plant flowers. I like flowers and water them in the summer. I have a little pigeon. He is a great little fighter, and yet he goes cooing around the barnyard. At some places here the snow was over three or four feet deep. I am going to school in the spring. I went on a trip to Peterboro last summer and had a good time. I was camping on Rice Lake. The geese are out swimming in the pond to-day. My brother says the gander is cross, for he bit him. My papa has a little cedar tree trimmed in a round shape. I like making sugar, and we will soon be at it. I am Little Boy's Sister.

FLOWER.

W. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little 8 years old. My papa and mamma took me two years ago. March 6th was my little sister's birthday, and she was six years old. My mamma made a little tea party for us. She got quite a few things, and we had a good time. We have a colt named Don. My brother takes him out in the winter on a sleigh that he made for him. He and I have good times, as it is too far for me to go to school in the winter. I have a pair of skiis and I can go all over the snow on them. Mamma says I am on them nearly all the time. Sometimes I hitch up a steer in a sleigh and I always have to walk as yet, as I am just breaking him in, and he won't go very well. If we have a colt this spring it will be mine. I am very fond of horses. I was nearly killed once by going too near them. We have two horses and one colt now. One summer we lost two horses. In the fall one of our cats hung herself. She was the best one. We called it cat suicide. Spring is coming now. We have good times gathering flowers in a lily bush. I like lilies and violets best. Crows are here now.

A LITTLE BOY.

H., New Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a bob-sleigh, and we have lots of fun with it. I broke the back sleigh on it one day, but I got another put on. We do not live far from Lake Temiskaming and we have lots of skating. The minister of our church got a library put in the church last Saturday. I attend week school every day I can. My chum and I got our names on the honor roll for February. He came third in his class and I came second in my class. The teacher got our names put in the paper. My chum and I are going to try and get our names in the paper every month.

ROBERT MACDONALD (age 11).

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'School Days.' Saida Wright (age 11), H., Ont.
2. 'Elephant.' Charles M. MacKeracher (age 7), H., P. Que.
3. 'Pretty Poll.' Ethel Jessop (age 13), S., Ont.
4. 'My Pet Rabbits.' Mary Cavin, B., Ont.
5. 'My Cow.' Albert Crossman, C. C., N.B.
6. 'An Antelope.' Victor Jones, U. H., N.B.
7. 'Zebra.' Dorothy Young (age 7), A. M., Ont.
8. 'Springbok.' E. B. (age 14), H., Ont.
9. 'Uncle's Nellie.' Daniel McQuarrie, H. H., N.S.
10. 'A Happy Family.' Emily Close (age 12), S., Man.
11. 'Duke of Blackpool.' Hazel J. Ouimet, H., P. Que.
12. 'Cat's Head.' Cecil Gordon Young, C., Ont.
13. 'My Horse.' Clifford Grant, M., Ont.
14. 'Giant Petrel.' Robert Murchy (age 11), L. R., N.S.
15. 'A Street Entertainer.' Norman Ward (age 9), H., Ont.
16. 'Off to Market.' Cecil Hetherington (age 13), H., Que.
17. 'Race Horse.' George C. Fraser (age 12), R. R., N.B.
18. 'Sheep.' Robbie Herdman Alexander (age 9), B., Alta.
19. 'The Fallow Deer.' Grant McA. Fowler (age 10), L. R., N.S.
20. 'The Whale.' Grant McA. Fowler, L. R., N.S.
21. 'Goat.' Flora Lawson, S. D., Ont.

VERITABLE TREASURES.

The following letter, from a Manitoba boy of twelve, who had sold several dozen 'Pictorials,' and had also secured three or four yearly subscriptions to that paper, leaving us to send him what we thought right, was so well written and so enthusiastic that we think it is worth giving in full:

Oak Bank, Manitoba,
April 4, 1908.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal:

Dear Sirs,—Yesterday's mail brought me your package of treasures—and veritable treasures they are, such as would delight the heart of any boy of twelve. Your kindness and generosity are a real surprise, and I must say that the return you make me for the trouble I took in selling the 'Pictorials' and in getting those subscriptions for it, makes me feel as if I were in your debt. The watch is indeed a beauty. And the splendid Roger's knife, with its solid horn handle, also the two beautiful enamel pins, exceed all expectations. I gave one of the pins to my sister, and she likes it very much.

It is a pleasure to work for the 'Witness' firm, and I hope to be able later to secure more orders. This is the first time that I ever canvassed for anything, but it has turned out so well that I should be glad to have the time to do more, but you can have no idea of the amount of driving it takes out here.

Again thanking you for your kindness, and with three cheers, especially for the beautiful watch and knife, believe me to remain, sincerely your friend,

CONWAY E. DOBBS, Jr., (age 12).

Any boy who has not tried this pleasant way of earninghandsome premiums or cash commission by selling that very popular illustrated monthly, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' should drop us a postcard AT ONCE for a package to start on, our premium list and full particulars of our plan.

Watch this paper weekly for advertisements of the 'Pictorial.'

Address John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Pity the Boy.

God pity the boy who never knew
A mother's kiss, as soft as dew,
Who never knelt in the gloaming fair
To breathe the words of a mother's prayer.

Who never at the eventide
Beheld the soft light gleam from the fireside,
Or watched beside the window-pane
For his father's return through the dark and the rain.

Homeless and friendless, alone he goes,
Through a world indifferent to human woes.
No hand outstretched to draw him away
From the fate of those that go astray.

Many of the wrecked barks on life's rough shore,
And those that have foundered to rise no more,
Might have reached the Homeland fair
If a Christian pilot had guided them there.

—'Temperance Leader.'

Pansy Gifts.

(By Marion Brier.)

'I love you! O, I love you!' whispered Elizabeth, her eager face bent close above the little pansy face that seemed looking up into her own. 'You see you are the very first flower I ever had for my very, truly own; 'cause we live in a flat and, you know, there isn't very much room in flats for pansies to grow,' she explained, her small fingers lovingly touching the velvety petals. 'But this year, you see, papa fastened this lovely box just outside the window here and set out ever so many dear little pansy plants in it. Wasn't he a good papa? And, O, you don't know how glad I was this morning when I saw your dear little pansy face looking in at the window. You are my very own, and I love you, love you, love you!'

Suddenly the small face grew thoughtful. 'Grandma Alden loves pansies, too. I guess she loves them most as much as I do. They make her remember when she was a little girl, she says. And do you know, Pansy dear, I don't believe she has seen one for a long time. Do you s'pose, Pansy dear, you had better go and see her? I'm most sure it would make her glad.'

A gentle breeze blew through the window and the wee pansy face seemed to nod and smile. Elizabeth nodded and smiled, too. 'I thought you would like to go and make grandma glad,' she said, a happy little note in her voice. So the small fingers picked the blossom and carried it gently away to make glad the heart of the sweet-faced old lady on the floor above and there it stayed and spoke to her of days long past.

The next morning Elizabeth was early at the window and her small feet danced joyously when she saw three beautiful pansy faces peeping above the window sill. She knelt by the window a long time talking to them, hardly taking time to go to eat her breakfast.

By and by mamma sent her into the kitchen on an errand. When she came back the thoughtful look was on her small face again. 'Do you know, Pansy dear,' she said, kneeling by the window once more, 'that cook looks dreadfully tired. Her head aches ever so bad and she says that everything has gone wrong this morning. Would you like to go in and see her, Pansy dears? 'Cause I most know you would rest her a little bit and maybe you could make her forget all about her headache. Do you think you would like to go?'

The wind blew gently and the pansies nodded their dainty heads and were soon on their way to the kitchen, lovingly clasped in the small hands. There they someway smoothed out the tired lines from cook's face, and for some reason her head stopped aching and for the rest of the day everything went right instead of wrong in the kitchen.

The next morning there were a dozen pansy faces to greet Elizabeth's shining eyes. That was Sunday morning and when Elizabeth was ready for church she stopped by the window and whispered, 'Don't you want to go to church, too, Pansy dears? 'Cause I'm most sure the minister could preach better if you were there on the pulpit. There hasn't been any flowers there for a lot of Sundays and I'm most sure everybody would like to see you. Will you go, Pansy dears?'

The pansies nodded and all through the church service they smiled at the congregation and I am sure helped the minister to tell them of God's love and care.

Each morning there were more pansy faces than the day before, but each day before evening Elizabeth always thought of someone who she was sure would like to have the pansies. One day it was a little sick girl who lived just across the street, another day it was a little cash girl in the store who looked tired and sad, another day an old, gray-haired man who walked with feeble steps down the street each day, another day it was the children at the hospital and so on. Then there was always a bouquet for papa's office and one for the dinner table. Much as Elizabeth loved them no little pansy face ever stayed for two days in the box by the window. Each one went on its errand of hope or cheer or comfort and many were the hearts to which they brought a bit of brightness. But always the next morning the box was full of pansies again.

'Just see, mamma, my box looks just like a big, big bouquet, there are such a lot of pansies in it!' exclaimed Elizabeth one morning. 'Every single one of them blossomed out to-day, too, you know, mamma,' she went on, 'for every one of them that was out yesterday went home with the washerwoman; 'cause, you know, she said that Maggie and Katie and little Patsy had never had any flowers all their own. Just think what a lot there would have been if I had kept them all! Why, there wouldn't have been room for them all in the box; for it is full now and it has been every day for weeks. If I had kept them all, wouldn't they look pretty! I'm glad I didn't keep them, though, aren't you, mamma? For then Grandma Alden wouldn't have had any, or that little girl at the store, or the poor little children at the hospital or, O, ever so many people. I'm glad they did have them, aren't you, mamma?'

Her mother smiled lovingly into the small, upturned face. 'I certainly am glad, dear, she said heartily.'

'We wouldn't have known what to do with so many flowers, would we, mamma? They would have been dreadfully crowded in the box, wouldn't they?'

Her mother took the small girl on her lap and held her closely. 'Do you know what would have happened, dear, if you had tried to keep all your pansies yourself?' she asked, smiling down into the big, blue eyes. 'You wouldn't have one single pansy by now. You would have had some pretty ones at first but they would have withered soon and died. And very soon every day there would have been fewer pansies and those that did blossom would have been smaller and not so pretty, until by now you would not have a single one.'

Elizabeth sat up, her eyes wide with wonder. 'Wouldn't it have been dreadful if I had tried to keep them all, mamma? Just think! Did God keep giving me more pansies because he wanted all the folks to have them and he wanted me to take them to them, do you think, mamma?' The small face was very sweet and serious.

'I think He did, and I want my little girl to remember about her pansies always. They have been God's little teachers to her to teach her that whatever gifts God gives her are not for herself alone, but he gives them to her to help other people too. If she tries to keep them all to herself they will wither away just as the pansies would have done if she had tried to keep them all for herself, but if she uses them as He wants her to they will grow and grow just as the box of pansies has. Do you understand, dear?'

The small head nodded doubtfully. 'I was just thinking,' Elizabeth said then, 'that Grandma Alden hasn't had any pansies for more than a week, and they always make her so glad. I think I had better go and take some to her.'

Her mother kissed the sweet face. 'Your heart understands if your head doesn't darling,' she said with a loving smile.

Elizabeth looked up wonderingly, then ran off to carry the pansies to Grandma Alden.—The 'Junior Herald.'

Character Building.

A foundation calls for a building, for material, architecture. A foundation without a superstructure is an absurdity. The only reason for the foundation is found in the building which is to stand upon it. If the building is not erected, the labor and the cost of the foundation are wasted.

More than this, if the building is not completed the foundation will not stand; it will soon begin to crumble; frost will attack the bond which holds its stones together, and weeds and vines will thrust their roots among them and they will be loosened and fall into ruin. The only way to save the foundation is to complete the building. Here is one of many cases, found in the moral as well as in the material realm, in which use is preservative, and disuse is destructive. We have a good many powers and possessions that we can save from decay and dissolution only by using them steadily and constantly; by putting upon them the burden that they were meant to bear and making them carry it.

It is as true of the foundations of a Christian character as of a house, that they are useless unless the building goes up, and that the completion of the building is what preserves them. It is vain, it is worse than vain, to begin work of this kind unless you are going on with it. To come near enough to Jesus Christ, to enter so far into sympathy with him, as to be able to entertain his thought respecting our relation to the Father and to one another, and then to pause, making no serious effort to realize the character involved in that conception, would not only be a futile procedure, it would be highly injurious to the one who passed through such an experience. He would be in the condition described by Jesus when he said, 'He that putteth his hand to the plow and looketh back is not fit for the kingdom of God.' To give such thoughts and expectations and hopes a lodgment in the mind, and then, through indolence or indifference or cowardice not to let them come to anything, is a deadly thing to

MAY PICTURES.

A charming picture of May-day frolic will form the subject of the 'Canadian Pictorial' cover for May. The full-page frontispiece shows the Hon. Wm. Asquith, the new British Premier. 'Getting the ground ready for seeding in Manitoba,' 'Farming by Wholesale,' form the subject of some interesting views. Another shows some fine British settlers on their way to new homes in Saskatchewan. British Columbia is represented by some magnificent parliament buildings, while a Doukhobor village in the West is timely in view of recent movements among these strange people. Britons everywhere are always interested in the historic annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge, and will be glad to see a picture of the Cambridge crew, this year's winners. Not less interesting, especially to the young folks, will be 'Pancake Day' in an English public school. A roadside shrine in rural Quebec, and the Wolfe-Montcalm monument on the Plains of Abraham, form the subject of a couple of other pictures. In the Women's Dept. there is a cut of the Canadian woman who founded Empire Day, of the new Duchess of Devonshire, who spent part of her girlhood in Ottawa, and of Lady Tilley, president of the Woman's Club of St. John, N.B. Fashions of the Month, The Toilet, The Baby, Housekeeping, etc., have their usual place in a most delightful number, which must be seen to be appreciated.

Ten cents a copy. One dollar a year to all parts of the world. To Canada (outside of Montreal and suburbs), or to Great Britain, a club of three new subscribers at half rates.

The 'Pictorial Publishing Co.,' 142 St. Peter street, Montreal.

do. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.' We do love; we know that it is best for us; and when we know it, deliberately to refuse it, or shiftlessly to let it slip from us is a kind of treachery which reacts disastrously on the very fibre of our manhood.

Character building is not all unconscious work. God is working in us, and has been working hitherto, working often when we were unheeding, but we ourselves must work. 'What would be the value,' asks Charbonnel, 'of the deepest philosophy, of the most entrancing dreams, if they were not grasped by the will and an attempt made to realize them? Our minds would be the richer for these great thoughts, but our characters would gain nothing from them. . . . A too complacent contemplation of the Life Beautiful runs the risk of producing a feebleness of soul, a weakness of will.'

It is therefore a serious thing to be brought face to face with the divine power working in us; to be made aware of what He is doing, and to discern the nature of the preparation that he is making for the unfolding of our characters. If we receive with rejoicing these benign ministers; if we choose for ourselves what the divine wisdom has been choosing for us; if we accept the foundations laid, and with diligence go to build upon them, all is well with us. But if the guiding hand is refused, if the great opportunity is wasted, if the corner-stone silently laid by the Unseen Builder is rejected, all is ill with us. That is a kind of infidelity whose consequence must be calamitous. Foundations thus neglected will make ruin in the life not less surely than on the earth.

The central force in character building is man's free choice. I am the building, but I am also the builder. The foundation is here. What is erected upon it is my concern. I am not merely a bundle of material which some external force is manipulating. I am the co-ordinating power, the directing agency. I am doing this thing. There is help for me, mighty and constant help, but no dictation. I may have the resources of omnipotence, but I must make them mine and diligently use them. Out of an infinite variety of possible elements—good, bad and indifferent—I must select the best and build them into my life. That is my problem, my responsibility.

Thoughts are materials of this building I am rearing. A man's thoughts are the framework of his character. 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' But my thoughts are, or ought to be, in some large measure, under my control. I cannot choose but think, but I can choose on what themes I will concentrate my thought, what mental guests I will entertain. There is nothing which we need more diligently to practice than the power of arresting and controlling trains of thought. To keep the mind free from thoughts that defile and thoughts that disturb and thoughts that debilitate the soul; to keep it full of all that tends to invigorate and uplift and ennoble our lives—this is the beginning of wisdom for character builders.

Out of good thoughts come good purposes of life. But thinking and purposing find their fruit in doing. The ideas must be something more than dreams and the plans something better than castles in the air; somehow they must find their way out into the world of fact. It is not enough that we earnestly think upon or ardently desire the Christian virtues, nor that we make occasional spasmodic efforts to practice them. There must be persistent and continuous exercise of the will, not 'moments of heroism and transports of virtue.'

It might seem a hopeless task, but for that other truth that the Unseen Builder, who has been working in us, laying the foundations and preparing our hearts for the reception of his grace, is always with us, ready to put at our disposal the resources of his omnipotence. To strengthen weak wills, to confirm faltering hopes, to lift up and re-enforce those who are baffled and beaten in the conflicts of life, is work that he waits to do; and there can be neither doubt nor fear in the hearts of those who have learned to trust him.—Washington Gladden, D.D., in 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

Pigs and Perseverance.

(By Rev. A. Weir, Kirkin, in 'Daybreak.')

I was out on a long journey in North Manchuria with a Chinese friend. We came to a river too deep for our cart to drive through. Cart, animals, and everything, had to be got on the big, cumbrous ferry-boat.

Other carts were in front of ours, and we had to wait our turn. Slowly they got hauled on board, and the ferry-boat left to take them over, while we had to stay behind. It was tiresome having to wait so long, but we were amused by what we saw not far off.

It was a big drove of Chinese pigs—not like the Irish kind, white, fat, and lazy; but strong, coarse, active animals, covered with long bristles, and some of them as black as soot.

SOME CHINESE PIGS.

The drivers wanted to get them across the broad, deep river. There was no bridge, and as it was against rules to use the ferry-boat for pigs, the only other way was to make them swim.

So the drivers gathered them all to one spot on the steep bank. Then leaving open only the way into the water, on all other sides they lashed them with their long whips.

Driven into deep water the unwilling animals were forced to swim. We could see their heads and backs bobbing up and down. They had got out of reach of the whips, but the drivers still shouted and threw stones to keep them from turning back.

Whips and stones were bad, but to the terrified pigs the deep, cold water seemed worse. Turning round they swam to the bank they had left, broke through the furious ring of drivers and scattered.

Gathering them again the drivers tried the same plan, but once more were beaten. Again and again they tried, but it was no use. Then one got a canoe, and tried to drive them further out. But when the moment of panic came the pigs dashed over his canoe and up the bank.

It seemed hopeless. Would the drivers try again? They did—and failed. Again and again they forced the drove almost half-way across. But just at that point the whole drove would veer round, madly rush out, and scatter.

Still these Chinese drivers would not give up. They must get them over. Once more they tried. And now at last the drove broke into two, one half going over, and the other repeating the old rush back.

But the drivers were not to be beaten, least of all when they had half succeeded. Before long they made even the more stubborn half of the drove swim right over. They had triumphed.

They were very ordinary people, these drovers; and heathen too. But they had learned one lesson thoroughly—

'Try, try, try again.'

The Mysterious Parcel.

'Aunt Martha!' called Peggy, 'this jam's boiling over!'

Aunt Martha came bustling out of the wash-house to look.

'No, it isn't, child,' she said. 'Jam always bubbles a bit when it comes to the boil. Skim it carefully.' And she went back to her washing. Presently Peggy's voice sounded again.

'Aunt Martha, I'm sure this is sticking to the pan!'

'No such thing,' Aunt Martha declared, after feeling round with the wooden spoon. 'Stir well to the bottom of the pan, and don't call out before you're hurt.'

She had hardly plunged her hands again into the soapy water before Peggy cried:

'Oh, auntie, dear, I know this is done! It's turning to sugar all round the sides of the pan.'

Aunt Martha wiped her hands, gave up her washing for the time, and went to manage the troublesome jam herself.

'Why, Peggy,' she said, as she took the spoon, 'you're as easy frightened as the landlady with the parcel.'

'I don't know much about making jam,' Peggy explained, sitting on the edge of the table, and eating preserving sugar at a great rate. 'We buy it ready made in London, you see. Who was the landlady, auntie?'

'She kept a little inn up on the moor, there,' Aunt Martha said, 'long ago, when I was a child. She was a good manager—had everything clean and nice about the house, you understand—yet she was the silliest old woman in all the countryside. She really and truly was, though it seems unkind to say so. She must have been badly frightened when she was young, I think.'

'I know,' said Peggy. 'There's a little girl at home who was knocked down by a bicycle, and she's terrified of bicycles now—won't cross the road if there's one within sight.'

Whatever was the cause, this old woman was frightened of almost everything. Well, one night a stranger came to her house, and slept in the best bedroom. When he went away next morning he told her that he hoped to pass that way within a week or so, and had left a parcel in the bedroom till his return.

'Move it to some other place, if you like,' he said; 'but don't let anyone meddle with it on any account.' He spoke sternly, and frowned at her and went away.

Now, what did the landlady do but begin to shake with terror of the stern-looking gentleman and his parcel. She went trembling upstairs and had a look at it. It was a big, round parcel, and when she saw it she thought she guessed at once what was inside. 'Oh! Oh!' she cried, 'it's a dead man's head! I heard a tale once of a dead man's head which was wrapped up and left at an inn by just such a dark-faced stranger as this one. Oh, how dreadful! Oh, what shall I do!' And she ran out of the room, and locked the door, and threw the key down the well.

Nearly a month passed. The best bedroom door stayed locked, though the landlady had to turn away many parties because she had nowhere to lodge them. At last the stranger came back.

'I am sorry to have been so long in passing this way,' he said. 'I hope you have kept my cake carefully?'

'Cake, sir?'

'Yes, cake—a simnel cake, which I am taking home. I gave orders that it should not be touched in case any of the decorations were broken. I hope you have not thrown it away?'

'Oh, no, sir!' she said. 'I haven't thrown it away.' But she was ashamed to tell him that she had given up her best bedroom to it, and had lost no one knows how much custom in consequence.

'She was a silly old woman!' laughed Peggy. 'But, auntie,' she added more gravely, 'some people are born timid. How can they help themselves to be brave?'

'Well, child, there are many things one might do. But perhaps the best thing of all is to remember that God is your Father, and that, whatever happens, He is watching over you and taking care of you. If you remember that He is near, you will always feel safe—— But we have wandered a long way from the plum jam. Help me lift it off the stove, Peggy; it is ready to put into the pots.'

A. M. N., in 'Friendly Greetings.'

'Sticking it Out.'

A great Frenchman has said that the Anglo-Saxon race has somehow acquired that power which was the strength of the old Romans, but which has apparently slipped from the temperament of the Romance peoples—the power of endurance; or, as the boys say, of 'sticking it out.'

In the astonishing mixture of races which makes up what we call 'America,' writes Kate Upson Clark, in the 'Eagle,' it is probable that this tremendous quality—perhaps the foundation of character—still prevails. When it ceases to prevail, and we lose that great Anglo-Saxon strain and become the creatures of our impulses and passions, we shall awaken as a nation; our faces will turn downward and backward, and we shall join the great army of degenerates who cannot 'endure hardness.'

In a thoughtful sermon, Dr. Joseph Dunn Burrell lately set before his people the duty of him who is trying to live up to the high title of 'a son of God.'

He must, first, be pure and noble. Second, he must watch his deeds. Third, he must endure bravely the unforeseen, apparently undeserved and ever mysterious trials and hardships which constantly fall to the lot of even the most favored mortals. Lastly, he must love his fellow beings with a great and unselfish love.

In illustrating the point of endurance, the case was mentioned of a recent suicide, a man of high social station, who had lost all his money in the late panic, could not endure the shame and sorrow of it all and had killed himself—a coward and a poltroon.

We all know that this is true, and there is food for much thought in the statement. After all, is not the test which we apply to the fiber of every human being—friend, servant, candidate for office or whatever—'How much can he endure?' Or, in every-day language, 'How will he wear?'

A wise old lady had an expression which formed one of her most cutting indictments. It was, 'He doesn't look as if he could stand very much.' It spoke a volume.

What commendation can surpass this: 'You have passed through this trial wonderfully. You have endured nobly.'

The child cannot endure. The weakling—the petted and coddled, the man of loose moral convictions—cannot endure. As a sick person cannot stand physical exposures, so a morally weak and ailing soul shrinks and fails under those shocks and sorrows which enter into every life, and for which every noble and intelligent spirit only braces itself and buckles on its armor tighter.

There is a certain kind of meek and spiritless acceptance of the strokes of fate, which sometimes makes a man appear what is called in our rural communities 'meaching.' But this is nothing like the high quality of true endurance, and implies nothing noble. It is merely dullness and stolidity, and it has too often brought into disrepute the admirable virtues of patience and fortitude.

Courage is showy. Self-sacrifice, loyalty, gratitude, energy—all of these are pretty sure to come into their own reward of praise and honor. But, 'having done all, to stand'—the unflinching endurance of the inevitable, the calm facing of a desperate calamity, the taking the best of life's blows—this, after all, proves best the mettle of the hero, though it has about it no dramatic flourishes nor blare of trumpets.

Beside this heroic determination to endure, the stress of achievement is slight—the labor of justice, temperance, truthfulness—almost nothing. The one who prays 'Lord, make me to endure without flinching,' aims at a grander virtue than any of them.

Every one knows those powerful lines of Henley's:

> In the fell clutch of Circumstance,
> I have not winced nor cried aloud.
> Under the bludgeonings of Chance,
> My head is bloody, but unbowed.

If there is a stronger expression of the mere human faculty of endurance, where is it?

'The chief burden laid upon us poor mortals,' said Goethe, 'is to hold ourselves upright—to endure—as long as we can, and as best we may.'

He is right. We should struggle and plan, as long as we can, but we come again and again to the end of our poor little strength, and we feel that we are truly in the clutch of irresistible powers. Then, if we do not rally to the crisis, shut our teeth and face the storm like men, we are weaklings and cowards.

Let us all pray for grace to endure.

When I was a Boy.

When I was a boy who knew more than any other,
'Twas my privilege to impart wisdom to my mother.
When I was a smart young man, knowing all things—rather!
Then I found it well to give lessons to my father.
Now, when old and ignorant (thus I seem to be)—
Knowing nothing as I ought—my grandson teaches me!

—Selected.

'A Child was Sorry for Me.'

A gentleman was standing, one morning, on the platform of a railroad station in New York, holding the hand of a little girl seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about opening the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of the measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked on before—a short procession of six policemen, two of them marched first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more, who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians in the city. He had committed a terrible crime, and was on his way to the state prison, to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him, and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man, with a strange, choking feeling in her throat, and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine by the banks of the river, the poor man all his life would be shut up in a gloomy prison. No matter how long he might live, even if he should become an old, old man, he could never walk in the bright sunshine a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her and then turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of the childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion that told Alice that she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and, starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man and said, earnestly:

'I didn't mean to plague you, poor man; only I am sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too.'

One of the policemen caught her up quickly and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God, he heard them, and their echo, with the picture of that tender, grieved child's faith, went with him through all that long ride and passed in beside him into his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble and that as time passed on he grew gentler and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from what they had expected.

'It is a simple story, said the man. 'A child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and her pity and His broke my heart.—'Watchword.'

The Glory of Refusing Crutches.

There is no grander sight than that of a young man with a fixed purpose and a determination to win, in spite of all obstacles. He does not have half the opposition to overcome that the undecided, purposeless man has.

What an inspiring sight is that of a youth going straight to his goal, cutting his way through difficulties and surmounting obstacles which dishearten others. Defeat only gives him new power, danger only increases his courage. No matter what comes to him—sickness, poverty, or disaster—he does not change his purpose.

Young men who are always seeking the help of others never amount to anything. Those who have been bolstered up all their lives cannot be depended upon in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look round for something to lean upon. If the crutch is not there, down they go; and, once down, they are as helpless as a capsized turtle. Many a youth has succeeded beyond his expectations simply because all props were knocked out from under him and he was obliged to stand on his feet and rely on himself.—'Epworth Herald.'

The second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun—the first is the human tongue.—W. G. Jordan.

LITTLE FOLKS

The Two Bunnies.

(By Emma F. Bush, in 'The Child's Hour').

Little White Bunny and little Brown Bunny were playing in the back yard near Helen's window.

First, they would hop and skip and jump; then they would nibble the green grass; but all the time they kept one eye on the hole in the wall where they came through from the next yard.

By and by little White Bunny put his nose against little Brown Bunny's cheek, and wiggled his ears up and down, and little Brown Bunny knew what he meant, 'Why does that pale little girl sit all the time in the window?'

Then little Brown Bunny put his nose against White Bunny's nose and wiggled it very fast, and White Bunny knew he said, 'She has been sick, and they have shut her up so she can't get out.'

Then White Bunny gave a little hop that plainly said, 'I am so sorry for her. Should you be scared to go nearer and play?'

Brown Bunny gave a little skip that meant, 'Scared, of course not! Come on.'

So the bunnies played nearer and nearer the window, and pretty soon Helen began to watch them.

'Mamma,' she cried, 'come and see the pretty bunnies. They must belong to the boy next door. I wish they would stay here all the time.'

'Perhaps if you feed them they will come often,' answered mamma. 'There must be a hole in the wall, and they came through to nibble the green grass. City rabbits get so little grass that they must think our grass plot is a great treat. I will get the leaves of lettuce left from dinner, and you may feed them.'

So mamma brought the lettuce leaves, and Helen opened the window, oh, so softly!

But little White Bunny and little Brown Bunny both heard it, and they sat up very stiff and still, with their long ears pointing up in the air; and their little hearts beat, oh, so fast!

Helen gently pushed some of the leaves over the window sill, and they fell right at White Bunny's feet. My, how White Bunny did jump! and he started for the hole

in the wall, and Brown Bunny ran, too.

When they were safely through, they looked back and saw the green leaves lying on the ground.

'How good they look,' squirmed White Bunny.

'How nice they smell,' sniffed Brown Bunny.

'Oh, for a taste,' skipped both bunnies at once, and they crept through the hole, nearer and nearer the fresh green leaves.

Brown Bunny gave a cautious nibble, and White Bunny did, too. How good they did taste. They ate and ate until the leaves were all gone. Then they went back through the hole in the wall.

Every day the bunnies came to play with the little sick girl, and every day Helen fed them, until at last when she was well enough to sit in the yard they were so tame they would play at her feet.

Helen named White Bunny, Race, and Brown Bunny, Romp; and before long they would come at her call, climb into her lap, and eat from her fingers.

One night when papa came home, he said, 'Next week we are going to move into the country. There will be grass and trees, flowers and birds, horses and cows, and everything.'

'But, papa,' cried Helen, 'I cannot leave my dear Race and Romp. I must take them with me.'

Papa looked grave. 'They do not belong to you, Helen,' he said, 'but I will ask the boy next door if he will sell them.'

It seemed to Helen as if he were gone a long time, but when he came back he was smiling, as he said,

'The boy next door says he will not sell them, nor give them away; but he will exchange them for a Boston terrier pup, so we will take them with us, and I will buy him the dog.'

One day the two bunnies were carefully put into a covered basket, and carried away from the dust and dirt of the city into the beautiful country, where there was all the grass and green leaves they wanted, and a whole field of clover for them to live and play in.

And they never were sorry that they tried to do all they could to amuse the little sick girl next door when they lived in a box in a city back yard.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Ned's Twenty-six Servants.

(By Adelbert F. Caldwell, in the 'S. S. Times.')

'I wish I had somebody,' sighed doleful Ned,
'To spell my hard lesson for me;
I try and I try,—but the words are so long
I never can learn them,' said he.

'Why, call on your servants,' laughed big sister Nan;
'They'll do all your spelling for you.
Just tell them to take their right places, and then
The spelling is done,—it is true!'

'My servants!' and Ned's two blue eyes opened wide.
'I—I've never had even one.'
'You have twenty-six,' said his sister, 'in all;'
'And she just bubbled over with fun.

'All you've got to do (as I told you before,
'And I am quite sure that you heard)
Is to tell each wee servant, 'Run quick to your place,'
'And presto! they've spelled you the word.

'The servants are a, b, c, d, e, and f,
And all of the rest down to z;
They not only help you, they do all the work
In spelling the word,—don't you see!'

Only A Sparrow.

Tap, tap, tap, came at my window one cold, cold morning.

What is it?

I could see no one, and I thought I must have imagined it; but no, again it came, a much louder 'tap' was the last one, too.

I went over to the window, and what do you think was there? Just the cutest, brightest little sparrow you ever saw, getting ready to tap again with his bill, if I did not answer.

I opened the window, and in he hopped.

'Thought you were never coming!' he chirped, then shook his little self until his feathers all fluffed up, and he looked twice his natural size.

'Such a cool morning, too, to stand out there hungry! If I had had teeth I know they would have chattered,' and he almost shivered this time, just like folks.

'So it is hunger that has made you honor me with a visit?' I said.

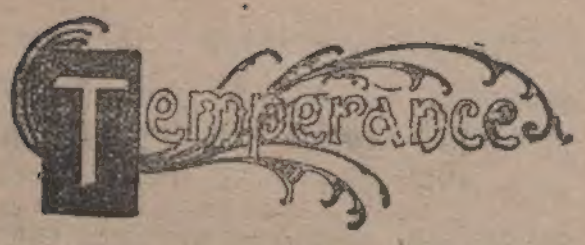
'What do you think?' he almost snapped. 'What do you think birds live on such weather as this, with the ground all frozen and covered with ice?' and he looked at me crossly.

I hurried to the pantry, and brought in a saucer of nice bread-crumbs to put him in a better humor.—Selected.

Five Little Geese.

When Mabel went to Holland she saw the canals running right through the middle of the streets. Sometimes the water in these canals came right up to the very doorstep of the houses, and so when one little girl wanted to see another little girl, she had to climb into a boat and row across the water. Mabel saw, all along the shore, a very strange sight. She saw babies tied to the door posts so that they could not tumble into the water, and even chickens and ducks and geese were tied in this way. Now, Mabel was afraid of geese, because geese hissed at her whenever they came near. One bright April morning this little girl and another little girl were eating their luncheon in a little grove. Mother and father and Uncle Jim were near by, but in spite of this these two little girlies were frightened very much indeed. Just as they opened their basket of sandwiches and cakes and fruit, a little Dutch girl came clattering by in her wooden shoes, and following after her were three big geese. Perhaps these geese smelled the plum cake and sandwiches, for they popped through a hole in the hedge just as quick as a wink, and made for the basket of good things. Over went the basket, and up jumped Mabel and Dorothy, and away they ran with shrieks of terror, while

the geese ate up the lunch as fast as possible. The little Dutch girl went clacking on her way, for she could not see ever the hedge, and by the time mother and father and Uncle Jim came to the rescue the lunch was well demolished, and the geese were flying up the road after their little mistress. Uncle Jim declared their were five little geese in tne grove that day. Now, who were the other two geese? Can you guess.'—'Child's Hour.'



Men for the Times.

Men for the times are rising fast
To drive the curse away;
They march, like a mighty army, past
On many a festal day.
Careless the crafty landlords spake,
'When will those striplings warriors make?'
We'll show them in a few more years
We'll turn their smiles to tears.

We're marching in the army, boys,
Pledged to fight for freedom, boys,
We're marching in the army, boys,
To win the happy day.

Men for the times drink water pure;
No drunkard's thirst they feel;
With steady hand and purpose sure
They fear no foeman's steel.
Hark ye, the tramp of their willing feet;
Onward they march, the foe to meet;
'Down with the drink,' their war-cry still
O'er every vale and hill.

Men for the times to the rescue fly;
Thrice holy is their cause,
And soon, by the help of God most high,
They'll change the drinking laws,
Sweeping away our country's bane,
Leading the drunkard to abstain;
'Glory to God, good-will to men,'
Shall sing through earth again.

—'Temperance League.'

Kept Hour by Hour.

He was a tall, powerful Scotchman and had held the position of 'boss striker' at the steel works for years. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule.

But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious; and, sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said: 'I shall never take a drink mair, lads. Na drunkard can inhabit the kingdom of God.

A knowing one smiled, and said: 'Wait a bit; wait a bit. Wait until the hot weather—until July. When he gets as dry as a gravel pit, then he will give in. He can't help it.'

But right through the hottest months he never seemed to be tempted to drink.

Finally, as I was taking the men's time one evening. I stopped and spoke to him.

'Stowe,' said I, 'you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?'

'Yes,' said he, emphatically.

'How do you manage to keep away from it?'

'Well, just this way. It is now 10 o'clock, isn't it?'

'Yes.'

'Well, to-day is the 20th of the month. From 7 till 8 I asked that the Lord would halp me. He did so, an' I put down a dot on the calendar right near the twenty. From 8 to 9 he kept me, an' I put down another dot. From 9 to 10 he's kep' me, and noo I gie him the glory as I put down the third dot. Just as I mark these I pray: "O Lord, halp me; halp me to fight it off for another hour!"'—'Presbyterian.'

The Drummers Who Drank.

'Twenty years ago, said a salesman in the metals trade, 'four-fifths of the men who were on the road in my line were drinking men. To-day four-fifths of them are—not

'I remember that the day I was taken by our corporation I met the highest-salaried salesman in the trade, a man who could have taken his choice of employers. 'I was bubbling over with pride and satisfaction, and, youngster fashion, I blurted out the story of my luck. He congratulated me, and asked me to drink with him, by way of "celebrating," and when I thanked him and told him I didn't drink, he seemed half-amused and half-sympathetic.

'"Don't drink, eh?" he repeated. "You'll never be able to sell goods if you don't drink!'

'I didn't believe that then, any more than I believe it now, and as it turned out, the poor fellow himself was on the way to convince me that I was right. All at once he began to go to pieces, and within a couple of years none of his old employers would have paid him ten dollars a week. Fact is, he wouldn't have been worth two dollars to anybody.

'Then again, there was a merchant up here in Westwood, a drinking man himself, who bought pretty heavy bills, and whom we salesmen were all after. Some of the boys used to take him out to the saloons and fish for his trade in all such ways. I didn't. But after a year or two I noticed that he was buying more than nine-tenths of his goods from me, and one day I brought it up in a joking way. "How about it, Mr. Larkin?" said I.

'"Well, Jack, I'll tell you," the old fellow said. "I'm willing to go out and drink with a drummer. I'd probably drink, anyhow. But when I do business I want to deal with a sober man."

'The old-time travelling man used to think he had to drink with his customers in order to get or hold their trade,' the salesman added. 'Probably at that very time a good many of the customers felt like the man of whom I've just told you, and more are in that mood at present.

'That old-time travelling man had a pretty hard name, and maybe he deserved it, but his successors are walking a straight line. Even when a salesman drinks, he wouldn't dare to carry the odor of liquor when going to a customer—and as I told you before, few drink at all. Competition is too keen. A man in business has to keep his wits about him all the time.'—'Youth's Companion.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

The True Luxuries of Life.

(By Andrew Carnegie.)

Did you ever sum up these prizes, and think how very little the millionaire has beyond the peasant, and how very often his additions tend not to happiness but to misery? What constitutes the choice food of the world? Plain beef, common vegetables, and bread, and—the best of all fruits—the apple—the only nectar bubbles from the brook, without money and without price. All that our race eats or drinks beyond this range must be inferior, if not positively injurious. Dress—what man, or rather what woman, wears—is less and less comfortable in proportion to its frills and its cost, and no jewel is so refined as the simple flower in the hair, which the village maid has for the plucking. All that women overload themselves with beyond this range is a source of unhappiness. To be the most simply attired is to be the most elegantly dressed. So much for true health and happiness in all that we eat and drink, and wear.

If we extend the inquiry to the luxuries and adornments of life, is there any music—which, of course, comes first—comparable in grandeur to that of the wave, stirring the soul with its mighty organ tones as it breaks upon the beach, or any so exquisitely fine as that of the murmuring brook which sings its song for ever to every listener upon its banks, while, above, birds warble and the zephyr plays its divine accompaniment among the trees?

We spend fortunes for picture galleries; but what are the tiny painted copies compared to the great originals—the mountains, the glens, the streams and waterfalls, the fertile fields, the breezy downs, the silver sea? These are the gems of the universal gallery, the common heritage of man, the property of the humblest who has eyes to see, and as free as the air we breathe.

We have our conservatories and spend our thousands upon orchids; but which of Nature's smiles ranks with the rose and the mignonette, the daisy and the bluebell, and the sweet forget-me-not blooming for all earth's children, and which grow upon e window-sill of the artisan, and which the laborer blesses at his cottage door?

If we go higher still in the scale, we find that the companionship of the gods is not denied to the steady, wage-receiving man, for Shakespeare, and our Burns, and our Scott can be had for sixpence per volume. In this blessed age in which we are privileged to live, even the immortals are cheap, and visit the toiler. We see the rich rolling over the land in their carriages; but blessed beyond these is the man who strolls along the hedgerows. The connoisseur in his gallery misses the health-giving breeze which brings happiness to the devotee who seeks the original afield. The rich are not to be envied, for truly 'there is no purchase in money' of any real happiness. When used for our own gratification, it injures us; when used ostentatiously, it brings care; when hoarded, it narrows the soul. There is only one source of true blessedness in wealth, and that comes from giving it away for ends that tend to elevate our brothers, and enable them to share it with us. The secret of happiness is renunciation.

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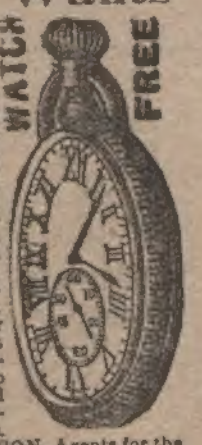

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The student looks at his neighbors usually through a quizzing glass, and continually takes inventory of their vices, defects, and weaknesses.

The other person comes to his or her fellows with love in the heart and in her mind the one thought, 'We are brothers and sisters. What can I do for you?' She cares only and looks only for the grand human sentiments in the heart of each man or woman she meets.

And somehow she finds them. Be the quantity great or infinitesimally small, she calls it out. She has friends everywhere. People love her, believe and confide in her. Why? Because she loves, believes in, and takes an interest in everybody.—'S. S. Messenger.'

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